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THE PEACOCK'S LAMENT.
OCCASIONED BY A PARENT'S NEGLECT.

THE sable Rook, in this tall grove,
His mourning plumage wears;
In silent grief, the pensive dove
On yonder pine appears.

For when the bland nutritious food
The parent ceas'd to give;
Then death within the confines stood,
And Peacock ceas'd to live!

The rigid Winter's frosty gales
Have chill'd the warbler's throats;
A gelid stillness now prevails
O'er all their finest notes.

But Winter hoar fly far away,
And blooming spring abound;
Then this parterre will smile on day,
And waft its odours round.

O'er Peacock's long neglected grave,
The Spring's first flower's we'll spread;
The snow-drops and the crocus wave,
In garlands round his bed.

The Lark aloft on trembling wing
Leads on the tuneful throng,
The Thrush and jolly Blackbird sing
The Peacock's requiem song!

L.

TO DEBBY, WHO MADE ME A PURSE.

WITH wondrous art and industry
A favourite maid the tissue wove,
"Thy money here lay up," said she,
"Let nought engage thy heart but love."

I took the gift, enclos'd my pelf,
And drew the strings with nicest care;
I came to see my stores—poor elf!
Alas, I found no money there.

I own the magic of thy art,
Ah, Debby, dear, the charm undo;
For how can any human heart
Think of his cash, and think of you?

S.

ADDRESS TO SPRING.

"COME, gentle Spring," ah, come and stay,
Thy timid buds and flow'rets fear

To trust the yet uncertain year;
Ah, haste to bless thy own, thy longing
May.

Did Winter, amorous of thy charms,
Often step back at eve and morn
To greet thee at thy favourite thorn,
Ah! how thou shrunk within his icy arms!

Too like the blooming maid—To-day
Doom'd by cold Interest's command,
To wrinkled age to yield that hand
Plighted to rosy youth—now left to pine
like May.

But come, nor fear to spread thy green
O'er thine own lawns, and deck thy
flowers,
Then joyous stray amid thy bowers,
Drest by thy constant May, with hand un-
seen.

IMPROMPTU.

OH! impious Spain, who did at first
Rip up Earth's very guts for gold,
Now may you reck the dead accurst,
Now ev'n yourselves are bought and
sold!

Proud Britons spurn your earthly ore!
With taxes high, and pockets light!
Borne on the car of Credit, soar,
Yoke with stamp'd wings the buoyant
kite.

SELECTED POETRY.

EPITAPH ON BUTLER, THE AUTHOR
OF HUDIBRAS.

Written by —— O'Brien, and placed in
Covent Garden Church, where Butler was
buried. It is under a bust of the Poet, set up
at the expense of some inhabitants of the
parish.

A FEW plain men, to pomp and pride
unknown,
O'er a poor bard have rais'd this humble
stone.
Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
Victim of zeal! the matchless Hudibras!

What, tho' fair freedom suffered in his
page,
Reader, forgive the author—for the age,
How few, alas! disdain to cringe and cant,
When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant.